

NEW-YORK ORGAN TEMPERANCE TALES, No. 3.

THE
LOST CHILDREN,

A Temperance Tale,

BY T. S. ARTHUR,

AS ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN

THE NEW-YORK ORGAN.



ILLUSTRATED WITH ENGRAVINGS BY TUDOR HORTON.

ALSO A NUMBER OF CHOICE ANECDOTES.

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THE LOST CHILDREN.



A DAY in autumn was about expiring. The morning had been warm and bright with sunshine, but evening was gathering its shadows amid clouds, fierce driving wind and rain. A fit emblem was this expiring day, of the closing life of one whose early years had passed in light and smiles, but whose later experiences were full of bitterness.

A mother lay upon her dying bed. In the chamber of death were three persons besides the sufferer. One was a man in the prime of life, whose face bore many evidences of the evil habits that had cursed both himself and his family. The other two were children; one a girl between ten and eleven, and the other a boy not beyond his seventh year. The father sat by the bed, holding the thin white hand of her whom he had promised, years before, to love and cherish with the tenderest affection; and while he did so, the rebuking past came back, and the sting of an upbraiding conscience troubled him deeply. The little boy had climbed upon the bed,

and was lying close to his mother, with his arm thrown across her bosom; and the girl stood with her face buried in a pillow. She was weeping.

A deep silence had pervaded the chamber for nearly half an hour. In that oppressive half hour, how many troubled thoughts had passed through the mind of the unhappy man who was about losing one whose virtues, whose patience, whose sufferings, whose wrongs, were all remembered now, although they had been little thought of through the last few years of his wedded life!

"Henry!" The man started—raised his eyes from the floor, and turned them upon the face of his dying wife, who looked at him earnestly for some moments, and then said—"Henry, when I am gone, these dear children will have no one to love them, no one to care for them, but you."

"I will both love them and care for them," quickly returned the man. His voice trembled, and he spoke with emotion.

"I leave them in your hands," resumed the mother, speaking more solemnly, "a priceless legacy. Two immortal souls—two innocent, helpless ones, who, in the sight of the angels, are precious beyond imagination. Oh, Henry! love them and guard them from evil, for my sake. When you look upon them, think of me; and think of me as present; for my love, it may be, will bring me nearer to you all, even though you cannot see me."

The strong man was deeply moved by this appeal. He bent over and hid his face on the bed, while a tremor passed through his frame, and his eyes, that were all unused to weeping, ran over with tears. When he looked up, after five minutes or more had passed—a period of deep silence—he was startled by the hue of death that overspread the face of his wife. He called her name eagerly, but she did not hear him; he grasped her hand, that was covered with a clammy sweat, but she did not appear to feel the touch. The tears that fell like rain over the face of the mother and wife; the voices so full of anguish, that called her name, had no power to bring her back again to mortal consciousness. The silver chord was loosened and the golden bowl was broken! The mother had passed away from her children—the wife had parted from her husband.

Next we find Henry Altemas alone. He has left the chamber of death, and retired to another apartment to weep—to muse sadly over the past—to repent—to form good resolutions. There had been enough of evil in his life: and there had been an enough of consequent suffering to others. From comfort, ease and competence, he had reduced his family to want, privation and suffering. Step by step, through a course of five years of dissipation, he descended lower and lower, until the hope of change failed in the heart of his long suffering wife, whose patient spirit was never betrayed into the utterance of rebuke. Alone, under such circumstances, with such memories to haunt him! Alas, unhappy man! The bitterness of one hour

thus spent; how does it overbalance all the pleasures of sensual excesses, even though indulged in for years! Dearly bought are they at such a price!

Those who came in to take charge of the cold remains of her who had risen into a truer and a better life, removed the children, Alice and Henry, to another room, where they remained for a long time alone—the boy held tightly to the bosom of his sister. Young as they were, their life-experience had been such that a double desolation fell upon their hearts at the loss they had sustained. It was long since they had drawn near their father with love—long since they had lain their heads, as of old, upon his breast, and felt the sweet joy of knowing that he loved them. To them, their mother had been every thing; she was now taken away, and they felt indeed alone.

On the day following, the dead was carried out, and then a still deeper desolation was felt by the sorrowing children. As for the father, his repentance was sincere, and his resolutions of amendment earnest. But, he did not understand the value of total abstinence as a means of reformation—as, in fact, the only means of reformation. How utterly fruitless were all his good resolutions, we need hardly say. They were like cords of gossamer on the arms of a strong man. On the very day that the sad rites of burial were performed over the body of the departed one, he tasted the cup of confusion. To taste, was to drink deeply. It was the old story. Henry Altemas returned, that night, to his little ones, as he had too often returned before, half insensible from intoxication. They had waited for him an hour past their usual bedtime; and it was to meet him thus! Alice looked up anxiously into her father's face as he came in. One glance sufficed. Her eyes were too familiar with the sad, humiliating evidences of her parent's degrading vice, not to perceive, in an instant, that he had again fallen. The father did not speak to or even notice his children, as he staggered into the room

where they were sitting, and then staggered out again, and groped his way along the passage and up the stairs into his now desolate chamber. But he did not feel its desolation.

Alice, as soon as her father left the room, took little Henry's hand, and rising, said in a low voice, that was composed by a strong effort—

"Come, brother."

The child rose up and went with his sister. Henry was not long awake after his head pressed its pillow, but Alice did not sleep for more than an hour, and when slumber at length sealed her young eyelids, troubled dreams were her companions through the night.

At breakfast time, on the next morning, Mr. Altemas met his children in shame and silence. Alice took the place at table which had been left vacant by her mother's death, and served the coffee. She looked frequently at her father, but his eyes were not once directed to the face of his child. He could not look at her. He sat only about half his usual time at the table, and then rose and went out. Alice tried, but could not eat; and soon after her father left, got up and went into another room, the door of which she closed, and then sitting down in a dark corner, covered her face with her hands and wept bitterly. Henry soon found her out, and crouching down beside her, mingled with hers his tears, although he scarcely knew for what reason he was weeping.

Mr. Altemas went out with a fixed determination not to drink a drop of any thing. He felt deeply mortified at having been betrayed into excess on the very day that he had followed the remains of his wife to the grave; and especially so, when he remembered that his children had seen him come staggering in at night—the children whom he had promised his dying wife to love and care for in her stead. He could not look into their innocent faces when he met them at the breakfast table, although he was conscious that their eyes were upon him; and he withdrew from their presence as quickly as possible.

Mr. Altemas had been a successful merchant, but dissipation caused him to neglect his business, which, after a while, tumbled in ruins around him. He was now a clerk in the receipt of a small salary, that had proved insufficient to meet the wants of his family, as well as supply the cravings of a vitiated appetite. From his house he went to the store at which he was employed, and attended to business until about eleven o'clock, the time at which he generally went into a neighboring tavern to get a drink. The usual hour brought the usual desire for liquors. This was, for a while, resisted; but the first effort at resistance made the desire tenfold stronger. The struggle was but brief. Evil allurements were too powerful to be withstood—Mr. Altemas turned aside as usual to taste the cup of pleasure, and he again fell. That night he did not return until late. His children were in bed and asleep when he came in. He would have sought his home earlier, but he feared that they might be again sitting up for him.

Thus it went on, daily, in the old way. Night after night the unhappy man came home, sometimes early and sometimes late, but always more or less intoxicated. In the morning he was silent when he met his children at the breakfast table; and his countenance generally wore a gloomy aspect. At dinner time he was in a pleasanter mood; but at tea time, when he did come home, he was more than half stultified by drink. Thus he passed before his children at three brief intervals during the day, and that was all they saw of him. There was nothing to call out their affection; nothing to make them look for his coming with pleasure. Alice grew old rapidly; not by the lapse of time, but by suffering. The loss of her mother, the neglect and errors of her father, and the tender years of her brother, who looked up to her and depended upon her for every thing, changed her, in a very short time, almost from a child into a woman. She took the entire charge of Henry, because there was now no one else to do it. The

hired domestic cared little for any thing around her, and, in such an ill-regulated household, with no observant head, took any privilege she happened to desire.

Things had proceeded in this way for about six months, when the employer of Mr. Altemas becoming out of all patience with him on account of his irregular habits, and consequent neglect of business, discharged him from his service. For three weeks the miserable man tried, but in vain, to procure another situation. At the end of this time, on coming home one day, more sober than usual, he called Alice to him, and said, speaking with some feeling—

“Alice, I find that I shall be obliged to leave the city. But I hope to be back soon. While I am gone, you and Henry are to stay with Mrs. Walton in Division street, who promises to be very kind to you.”

The only reply made by Alice to this announcement was a gush of tears. She wept for some time. At last, looking up into her father's face she said—

“Oh papa, don't go away !”

“I must go, dear,” replied Mr. Altemas, who was moved by the child's distress. “I can get nothing to do in this city ; but where I am going, I will find employment, and then I will soon come for you and Henry. You must be good children while I am gone.”

Alice made an effort to dry her tears and look cheerful. But a weight remained upon her heart. She did not know who Mrs. Walton was. She had never heard her name before.

“Will Mrs. Walton be good to Henry ?” she asked.

“Oh yes. She will be very kind to both you and Henry, I am sure,” quickly replied the father.

“When must we go there ?”

“In the morning. I told her I would bring you to her house to-morrow morning.”

Alice said no more. In a little while she went out of the room, and stole up quietly to the chamber that had been her mother's. After closing the door, she looked around

upon each familiar object that brought back most vividly the memory of her who had died in that room ; for only a few moments did she thus stand ; then she seated herself by the bed, and bending forward hid her face in her hands. She did not now give way to tears ; but oh ! how lonely she felt—how desolate her heart ! Soon after, Mr. Altemas came up and entered the room. He saw Alice, and instantly retired. There was a deep rebuke in her attitude, as well as in her presence in her mother's chamber at that time. Half an hour afterwards, he re-entered the room and saw Alice in the same position. He again paused, instinctively, and was about retiring ; but he checked himself and came into the chamber. Alice did not move. He called her name, but there was no response, except in a long fluttering sigh, or sob. On coming nearer to her, he found that she was asleep. The feelings of the unhappy father, already disturbed, were now deeply moved

For a moment he gazed earnestly upon her form. He could not help reading in her condition, the story of deep suffering ; of a heart sensible of a great wrong, and apprehension of still greater misery in the future. His thoughts ran back to former happier days. A new pang shot through his heart as he recollected the high hopes, the smiling friends, and unalloyed happiness of that hour when he led her mother, now at rest, to the altar. And then the very image of his wife seemed to fill the room ; her form and features were stamped on every thing around, and so true, so life-like, he could hardly resist the impression of reality. Involuntarily he closed his eyes, as if to test the illusion ; but clearer, brighter, plainer, stood his wife before him. Was she there to reproach him ?

The thought was maddening. His heart beat with a violence almost suffocating, and his brain grew painfully giddy. Then, as in previous troubles, his mind reverted to the usual panacea—intoxication. The thought instantly peopled the place with all the horrid spectres so familiar to nerves

shattered by alcoholic stimulus; yet even these were a relief. Any thing he could endure better than the presence of child or wife, real or imaginary.



"Wretched man that I am!" he murmured, in bitterness of spirit, as he turned away, and left the chamber, the very atmosphere of which oppressed him. He not only left the chamber but the house, and paused not until he breathed a grosser and more congenial atmosphere—that of a drinking house, where he drowned, in strong potations, the stern voice of an upbraiding conscience.

On the next morning the children were removed to the dwelling of Mrs. Walton in Division street. A vendue, that had already been advertised, was held at the house of Mr. Altemas on the same day, and every article of furniture sold. Not even the mother's work box, beautifully inlaid with costly woods, a husband's present in happier days, was reserved for Alice. All passed under the hammer. Fifty dollars of the proceeds of this sale were paid into

the hands of Mrs. Walton in advance for the children's board, and the balance, about two hundred dollars, Mr. Altemas placed in his pocket, and after parting with his children, started for New Orleans. In Baltimore he remained for a few days; long enough to have his pocket-book stolen from him while he was intoxicated. In this were a hundred dollars in bills. Luckily, it happened that the rest of his money was in gold, and contained in a purse, that escaped the search of the person who robbed him. From Baltimore, he pushed on by the quickest route to New Orleans. Three weeks after his arrival, he was without a dollar and without employment; and there we will leave him and return to Alice and her brother.

Mrs. Walton received the children, when brought to her, with a great show of kindness; but Alice felt that nothing of all this

came from the heart. Both the woman's appearance and manners were repulsive to her, and she could not bear to come near her. Henry seemed to feel as she did, for he fixed his eyes upon her, half-fearfully, and shrunk close to the side of his sister.

"Dear little fellow!" said Mrs. Walton, putting her hand upon Henry's head; but the child drew closer to his sister, and seemed to shrink from her touch as if it had been a blow.

"He is a timid child, and strange now," said the father; "but he will soon feel himself at home with you."

"O yes! I'll soon make him feel at home; dear little fellow!" returned Mrs. Walton, smoothing his hair, while Henry continued to cower beneath the touch of her hand. All the time his eyes were fixed intently upon her face.

Mrs. Walton was a widow, somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty, who kept a third-rate boarding-house. She had agreed with Mr. Walton to take his two children at a charge of three dollars a week, and he had promised to advance her fifty dollars—a part of which she was to lay out in clothing for them—and also to remit her more money by the time that sum was exhausted. Mrs. Walton, we are sorry to say, was rather a bad specimen of a woman. She was selfish, coarse and vulgar-minded, unfeeling and hypocritical. Some ten years of rough contact with the world as the keeper of a cheap boarding house, during which time she had come into close proximity with all sorts of people, had in no way tended to improve her character. In worse hands Mr. Altemas could hardly have left his children.

"You can stay here and amuse yourselves," said Mrs. Walton to Alice and Henry, after their father had retired, and then she hurried away, leaving them in the dark and dingy room which she called the parlor. Henry leaned his head against his sister, and said in a sad voice—

"I wish papa wouldn't leave us here."

"We shan't be here very long, I hope,"

returned Alice. "Papa says he will come and take us away soon."

Although Alice spoke thus encouragingly to her brother, her own heart had no confidence in the words she uttered. To her, the future had a dark and uncertain aspect, and she felt an inward, shrinking fear, as she looked into it. It was about ten o'clock when their father left them at the house of Mrs. Walton. They remained alone in the parlor, not stirring from where they had at first seated themselves, until nearly two o'clock, when they were called to dinner. Henry had slept during a portion of these unhappy hours. The afternoon was spent, as the morning had been, in the parlor, alone. At night they were taken up into a small garret room to sleep. The room was comfortable enough, and so was the bed that it contained.

On the next morning the father called to see them early. He was to leave for the south at nine o'clock.

"Oh, papa! Don't stay away long," said Alice, her eyes filling with tears.

"I will be back for you very soon," he replied.

"How soon?" asked Henry, as he held on tightly to his father's hand.

"I cannot exactly tell. But it will be very soon."

"In a month?" asked Alice.

"I hope so."

"A month is four weeks. It will be so long!" said Henry. "Come back sooner, papa, won't you, and take us away from here?"

"Mrs. Walton will be kind to you, my son."

"I don't like to stay here," returned the boy.

"You will like it better in a little while. You must love your sister, Henry, and mind all she says to you, and try to be a good boy, and I will come for you as quickly as I can. And now good bye, my children."

"Good bye," was the low and sad response made by Alice and Henry. Mr.

Altemas shook them by the hand, kissed them, and departed.

How slowly did the time pass! Four weeks seemed like a year. At last the period at which the father's return was looked for by the children, came round, but it brought them only a bitter disappointment. He did not come back as they believed he had promised them he would do; nor had any word been received from him since he went away. Another and another week expired, but the father did not return; neither was any letter received from him. During this time, Mrs. Walton let the children take care of themselves. She had little to say to them unless they came in her way, and then her manner and words were coarse and repulsive. Alice took the entire charge of her brother, dressing and washing him in the morning and putting him to bed at night. As time wore on, the manner of Mrs. Walton became more and more indifferent; or, as she happened to be in the humor, coarser and more repulsive. One day, about three months after Mr. Altemas went away, she came into the room where Alice sat mending her brother's clothes, and said to her abruptly—



"See here, girl! Do you know where your father has gone?"

"No ma'am," replied Alice in a low voice, and with a half-frightened manner.

"Didn't he tell you where he was going?"

"No ma'am."

"It's very strange. Well, I can tell you what,—I don't believe he means to come back at all. I believe he has just left you on my hands, and that the money he gave me when he went away is every dollar I shall see. But I will not be imposed upon in that way. Not I! So, my little miss, I will just tell you what you've got to depend upon. If I don't hear from your father in two weeks, I will not give you house room for another day. I believe you knew as well as he did, that it was all a trick to get you pushed off upon me. But it won't do. Polly Walton is too old for that. So, take my advice, and look out for another home at once, for you can't stay here but a little while longer. I've said it, and I mean it!"

By this time Mrs. Walton had worked herself into quite a passion, and, with glowing face and arms akimbo, she stood bating the affrighted children, without an emotion of pity touching the icy surface of her unfeeling heart.

After she had left them, Henry burst into tears and sobbed and wept bitterly, but Alice sat tearless and motionless as a statue. She was completely stunned. Feeling and thought were, for a time, almost suspended by this unexpected and cruel assault. In her own mind, there had arisen many misgivings about her father; and many fears had haunted her for weeks. But, for all this, the words of Mrs. Walton came with a shock that paralyzed her for a time.

Two weeks fled quickly away, and, during the time, the warning of Mrs. Walton was many times repeated, and with undiminished rudeness. But Alice did not go out to seek another place for herself and Henry. Where could she go? She knew no one. She was a mere child, and alone in a great city.

The two weeks passed. Mrs. Walton was in earnest in what she had said. But she could not turn the children into the

street. Appearances would have been against her; and even she had some little regard for appearances. They might fall into the hands of the police, and their story might get into the newspapers, and she be held up to rebuke and scorn. She did not, therefore, thrust them out, literally, but she got rid of them.

"Alice," she said one day, at the expiration of the time she had named; "your father has not come back, and I don't suppose ever intends returning. As I told you, I can't keep you any longer for nothing. I can't afford it. You are old enough to go out and get your own living; and that is what you will have to do. Mrs. Gordon, in the next block, wants a little girl to tend her baby, and is willing to take you. She will give you your victuals and clothes. It's a good place."

"But, where will Henry go?" asked Alice, quickly and earnestly. "Will Mrs. Gordon let him live there with me?"

"No, of course not. She has children enough of her own. Henry can stay here for a little while, until I can find a place for him."

"Henry is not old enough to work," said Alice.

"I know that. But I can get a place for him where he will be treated kindly, and be well taken care of."

"Where?" asked the sister, anxiously.

"Never do you mind. I'll see that it's all done right. I'll find him a good place."

"But don't you think Mrs. Gordon will let him stay at her house if I do every thing for him? He won't be any trouble."

"No. So don't think of such a thing. She's got a house full of children of her own, and don't want the bother of other people's. Go and get your bonnet, and I will take you round to see Mrs. Gordon."

Alice went up stairs, and put on her bonnet. She came down, leading Henry, who had his hat in his hand. Mrs. Walton was waiting for her.

"You are not going to take him with you," said the latter, half angrily.

"Go and sit in the room there until I

come back," Alice said, stooping down and speaking very gently and kindly to Henry. "I will be home soon."

The child's eyes filled with tears. He stood still, and let his sister go without him.

"Here is the little girl I was speaking to you about," said Mrs. Walton, on gaining the presence of Mrs. Gordon, who occupied the upper half of a house in the block next adjoining the one in which she lived.

"Ah, indeed!" returned Mrs. Gordon, smiling very pleasantly. "How old are you, my dear?"

"Most eleven, ma'am."

"Think you are strong enough to nurse a baby?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Be sure she is! plenty strong enough! I nursed a baby before I was as old as she is," broke in Mrs. Walton impatiently.

"You are willing to try, I suppose?" said Mrs. Gordon.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, I will try."

"Very well, take off your bonnet. Here is the baby."

Alice drew back.

"Take off your bonnet, child," said Mrs. Gordon.

"Must I come now?" asked the little girl, looking into the face of Mrs. Walton.

"Certainly, if Mrs. Gordon wants you! Why not now, as well as any other time?"

"But Henry," said Alice.

"What of him, I wonder?" remarked Mrs. Walton, tossing her head.

"He expects me to come back, you know."

"Well, suppose he does, and you don't come, is that going to kill him? Take off your bonnet, child, and let us have no more parleying about the matter. Mrs. Gordon wants you now."

Alice laid off her bonnet, and sat down upon a low chair, to which Mrs. Gordon pointed. The baby was placed in her arms, and she was directed to nurse it carefully. The mother of the babe left the room, to have ten or fifteen minutes gossip with Mrs. Walton.

"Oh dear!" she said, as soon as they were alone, "what a relief it is to get that child out of my arms!"

"It's the hardest work in the world to be tied to a baby from morning 'til night."

"That it is. This seems to be a right nice sort of a little girl."

"Indeed, and she is, Mrs. Gordon. She'll make the very best kind of a child's nurse. You don't know how well she has attended to her brother. She has taken the whole care of him."

"What are you going to do with the little boy?"

"Send him over to Long Island."

"To the Long Island Farms?"

"Yes. It's the very best thing that can be done with him. I don't believe the father will ever come back. I've found out that he is a drunken, worthless fellow, who has beggared his family."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. I'm told that he was very well off once, but went through with every thing."

"What a pity! But don't you think Alice will grieve after her brother?"

"At first, I suppose she will a little. But she'll soon get over it."

"When do you think about sending her brother over to the Farms?"

"I shall see about it at once."

"It seems like a pity to separate them," said Mrs. Gordon, a thought of her own children passing through her mind.

"So it does. But then it can't be helped. It's the very best place for him. He will be well taken care of, and receive an education. And when he is old enough, he will be bound out to a good trade. It is a most excellent institution."

"It certainly is. No doubt it will go a little hard with him, at first, to be separated from his sister; but he will get over it soon and be very happy."

"O yes. Children's grief is never very deep. He'll forget Alice in a week or two. It will do them both good to be separated. She is spoiling him. I think it will be best not to let them see each other again."

"Do you?"

"Yes. I don't believe, after being away from him for a short time, that Alice would consent to a separation at all. The child is a perfect baby, and I suppose, will do nothing but cry for a day or two. If Alice were to see him crying, she would get so worked up about him that nothing would do but she must have him with her."

"That would never do in the world."

"No, indeed. You couldn't have him here."

"Me! oh no! I've got young ones enough of my own to see after. He can't come here."

"Of course not. But I'll manage all that. You see that Alice does not get round to my house for a day or two, and by that time I'll have Henry safe enough at the Farm school."

"Very well."

When Mrs. Gordon returned to the room where she had left Alice, she found her weeping.

"What is the matter? What are you crying about?" she asked, a little impatiently.

Alice looked up into the woman's face, and said with a look and tone that ought to have touched her heart—

"I promised Henry that I would be back in a little while. I didn't think I was to stay now. Oh, ma'am! he will cry so when he finds I do not come back with Mrs. Walton. Can't I go and see him just for a few minutes, and tell him that I am not to stay with him any longer?"

"Mrs. Walton says she had rather you wouldn't. She will be kind to him, and he will soon forget you."

"Forget me!" said Alice, in surprise. "Oh, no, ma'am; he won't never forget me. I don't think Mrs. Walton will be very kind to him. She never has been. Please, ma'am, won't you let him come and stay here? He won't be a bit of trouble to you. I'll do every thing for him."

"Come here! Good gracious child! no! I can't have him here. I've got enough children of my own."

"Then won't you let me go and see him, and talk to him just a little while. It will make him feel better."

"No, child, I can't do it. I want you to

nurse the baby. And, besides, as I told you, Mrs. Walton thinks it will be better for you not to see him just now."

Alice bent down over the babe she held in her arms, while the tears that had been restrained for a few moments, flowed afresh.

"Come! come!" said Mrs. Gordon, fretfully. "I don't want any blubbering and crying here. I have enough of that among my own children."

Alice staunched her tears with an effort. That is, their outward flow. But the inward, heart-gushing tears, of which these visible drops were only the outward sign, gushed more freely. These the eye of Mrs. Gordon could not perceive, and she did not, therefore, seek to check them.

Slowly and sadly passed that long, long day to Alice, her mind partially sustained by the feeble hope that when night came, Mrs. Gordon would permit her to run round and see Henry just for a few moments. Not for a minute at a time during that, to her, long period, was the image of her brother from before her mind. She saw him weeping bitterly, or sitting alone in silent grief at her absence; or, shrinking away in alarm from the harsh words of Mrs. Walton.

Night at last came. The tea table was cleared away. All the children had gone to bed, and the baby lay asleep in its cradle. Mrs. Gordon sat down by her work-table to sew, and Mr. Gordon, who had come



home from the business of the day, took a book and began reading. Alice was sitting near the cradle, but the babe slept so soundly that no motion of the rocking bed was

necessary to prolong its slumber. The little girl arose, and coming near to Mrs. Gordon, looked into her face with swimming eyes, and said—

"Please, ma'am, do let me just run round for a minute and see Henry. The baby is asleep."

"Didn't I tell you this morning that you couldn't go?" replied the woman sternly. "What is the use of your asking me again? Please to understand that I always mean what I say."

Alice shrunk from the side of Mrs. Gordon, with a frightened look. Mr. Gordon glanced up from his volume, and let his eyes rest upon the little girl for a few moments, and then upon his wife. But, as the latter made no remark to him, he resumed his reading, satisfied with letting matters that did not concern him alone. He had received some lessons on that subject during his life-time, which impressed themselves pretty deeply on his memory.

Waking or sleeping, that night there was but one image present to the mind of Alice—the image of her brother. In the morning, she arose early, unrefreshed. It seemed to her that she could not live another day without seeing Henry. She had been down stairs about half an hour, and was dusting the sitting room, after it had been swept up by the domestic, when Mr. Gordon came in with the morning paper in his hand, and sat down to read it. There was something kind in the face of Mr. Gordon. Something that gave the heart of Alice confidence, when she looked into it. She had felt this from the first. As he sat reading his paper, he noticed that the little girl frequently came near him and appeared to linger, as if she was about speaking every time she did so. At last she said something in a low voice, that he couldn't make out distinctly. He looked up and said, kindly,

"What is it?"

"Please, sir, won't you ask Mrs. Gordon to let me go and see my little brother." The child's voice trembled, and her eyes were filled with tears.

"Certainly I will," replied the kind-hearted man. He had heard something about the separation that had taken place; but nothing very distinctly. His wife did not care to be very particular in the information she gave him on that subject.

Alice went away from his side with a brighter countenance and a lighter heart. As soon as Mrs. Gordon came down stairs, and sent Alice into the chamber to take the baby, her husband said—

"Anna, why don't you let that little girl go and see her brother?"

"Because Mrs. Walton don't want me to do so. She says the child is a perfect baby, and that if Alice goes there she will not be able to do any thing with him."

"But it is downright cruel, Anna. Alice is evidently pining to see her brother."

"It may go a little hard with her at first; but it's not going to kill her. It's a great deal better, as the separation has to take place, to let it be permanent. It will only make things worse if she is allowed to go and see him. Mrs. Walton was particular about it, and I promised to do as she desired, when I took the girl."

"Well, I suppose you know best; but I think it's a cruel thing. Imagine our Emma and George placed in the same circumstances."

"But they are not."

"There is no knowing how soon they may be. Neither your life nor mine is guaranteed for an hour."

"That's just the way with you, Mr. Gordon. You're always interfering with my affairs. I never trouble myself with your business. I never question what you do. I don't think I'm a very cruel woman. If the girl can't stay as I want her to, she may just go back again. If I'm to have all this trouble with her, I won't have her at all."

And Mrs. Gordon ran on in this strain for about five minutes. But long before she was done, her husband had sought refuge in the columns of his newspaper, and either did not, or pretended not to hear a word that was uttered. He pitied the child, but gave up all idea of becoming her champion.

The hope that Mr. Gordon's words had inspired in the mind of Alice, lived there for hours. But as nothing was said about her going to see Henry, even up to dinner time, that hope began to waver. When Mr. Gordon came home in the middle of the day, the first one he met was Alice. Her

earnest, almost imploring look, smote upon his heart. He wished to say something to her; but, what could he say? Nothing that he wished to say—nothing but what would make her more unhappy than she really was. He, therefore, said not a word; but, he felt guilty before the child—guilty of inspiring a hope that he did not, or, he thought, could not gratify.

Another day drew to a close, and yet Alice had not seen her brother, nor, from all appearances, was there any prospect of her being likely to see him soon, unless she acted in direct violation of the wishes of Mrs. Gordon. When fully satisfied that all appeals were in vain, the child resolved to go to her brother, and brave all consequences. So, just about nightfall, when the babe was asleep, and Mrs. Gordon was out of the way, she stole quietly from the house, and ran as fast as her feet would carry her to the dwelling of Mrs. Walton. Entering through the basement, she glided up stairs, and sought the room where she and Henry had usually spent the day alone. But her brother was not there. As she came out into the passage, disappointed, she met Hannah, the chambermaid.

"Where is Henry?" she asked in a hurried voice.

"Bless me, Alice! Is this you?" exclaimed the chambermaid. "Why in the world haven't you been to see your brother? I thought he would have cried himself to death."

"They wouldn't let me come. But, where is he? Where is he?" said Alice in a choking voice.

"He isn't here. He's gone. Didn't you know that?"

"Gone! Oh, where? where?" The poor child staggered back, and sunk upon the stairs.

"They took him away this morning."

"Where? Oh, tell me where!"

"I don't know. He cried dreadfully, and asked for you? They took him away in a carriage. But they spoke kindly to him. I don't think they will treat him bad. Indeed I don't, Alice! I wouldn't cry so about

it. He'll get over it soon. I'm sure they'll be good to him. The man spoke very kindly. He looked like a good man."

Just then, Mrs. Walton, hearing voices in the passage, came down stairs.

"Why Alice, child! What are you doing here? Did Mrs. Gordon say you might come?"

"Oh ma'am!" exclaimed Alice, springing up, and catching eagerly hold of the woman's dress, "Where is Henry? Tell me where he is. I must see him! I must go to him!"

"Don't be silly, child," said Mrs. Walton, coldly. "Henry is doing very well. He's in a good place."

"But, where? Oh, ma'am, tell me where?"

"I can't do that. You are not to know where he is at present."

The hands that clasped tightly the garments of the unfeeling woman, relaxed their hold, and the stricken child sunk upon the floor. This was more than she could bear.

"It's cruel, so it is!" ejaculated the chambermaid, as she stooped down quickly and lifted Alice in her arms. Every muscle was relaxed; her eyes were closed; her face was ashy pale. "You've killed the child, I believe!" she added with indignant emotion.

"Hush! will you?" said Mrs. Walton, in a passionate voice.

The girl carried the insensible body up stairs, and laid it on a bed.

"There!" she said, turning to Mrs. Walton, who had followed her—"see what you've done! A brute couldn't have acted worse. If these children were any thing to me, this would be a sorry day for you, my lady. Oh! you needn't look black at me in that way. I'm not afraid to speak out my mind to any body."

"Go out of my house, this instant, you impudent huzzy, you!" Mrs. Walton stamped her foot violently, while her face grew black with passion.

"You'd better look after the child, that she doesn't die," returned the chambermaid, coolly, "and not waste your words on me. If she does die, I'll stand evidence that you

killed her. Yes, I'll swear to that any day—so I will!"

This caused a feeling of alarm to arise in the heart of Mrs. Walton, who repressed her anger, and turning to the insensible child, sought by bathing her face in cold water and vinegar, and by the free use of hartshorn, to restore the vital energy that had retired into the deep and hidden interior of her body. It was half an hour before these efforts were attended with success. Then Alice roused up partly, and called in a most piteous tone for Henry. Even the hard heart of Mrs. Walton was touched; while the chambermaid burst into tears.

"Go 'round and tell Mrs. Gordon that Alice is here, and say what is the matter with her," said Mrs. Walton. "She'll wonder where she is."

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon were sitting at the tea-table, with their three eldest children, when Mrs. Walton's messenger came in.

"Mrs. Walton sent me round," said Hannah, "to tell you that Alice is there."

"And what is she doing there? I positively forbade her going."

"She came round to see her brother. But he was gone, and the poor child fainted when she heard it. It was a downright cruel thing, it was!"

"Fainted!" said Mr. Gordon, in surprise.

"Yes, sir. And she's just coming to. Oh! if you could hear how she is calling for little Henry, and she not more than half herself, it would make your heart ache! But I must run back. I only came to let you know where she was." And the impulsive, warm-hearted Hannah, turned away and left Mr. and Mrs. Gordon in no very comfortable frame of mind.

"Yes, it was a downright cruel thing!" exclaimed Mr. Gordon, as soon as Hannah had retired. "And I'm very sorry that we have had any thing to do in the matter."

Mrs. Gordon felt a little strange, but she did not say much. This left room for her husband to express himself pretty freely, which he did not fail to do.

After tea, Mrs. Gordon went into Mrs. Walton's. She found Alice restored to rea-

son, but grieving bitterly for her brother. Nothing that was said to her gave her any comfort. To every thing she answered by desiring to be taken to Henry. But this she was told positively could not be; as he had been taken out of the city. To her earnest entreaties to be told where he was, no answer was given. Heart-sick and almost hopeless, the unhappy child went back with Mrs. Gordon, who more than half repented having had any thing to do with her. Days and weeks passed by, but no word came to her of Henry. From the time she parted with him, all was, in regard to him, a blank. She had ceased to grieve openly, but there was a fountain of tears ever pouring out its waters in her heart. Her daily thoughts and nightly dreams were for her brother. But all availed not. From Hannah she hoped to learn something definite; and with this end, she stole round to Mrs. Walton's to see her, one evening about a week after she had learned the distressing news of Henry's removal she knew not where. But Hannah's plain speaking had lost her her place. A stranger to Alice was there in her stead. Months went by, and still she could learn nothing of Henry, although many times during that period she had tearfully implored Mrs. Gordon to tell her where he was; but that lady thought it best, upon the whole, to keep her own counsel in the matter. She argued with herself that it could really do Alice no good to know where Henry was, and might be the means of completely spoiling her, and making her brother unhappy in his new and excellent home. She was sure, if Alice knew where he was, that she would seek him out in spite of all interdictions, and such a meeting she believed would be productive of more harm than good. Thus she satisfied herself; but her husband never felt easy about the matter. He, however, quieted his conscience by assuming that it was his wife's business, not his.

Time did little to mitigate the grief of heart occasioned by this rude separation. Alice eat but little, and moved about with

a quiet, subdued manner, that was ever felt by Mr. Gordon, when he came in contact with her, as a reproof. Her form grew thinner, her countenance sadder, and her cheeks paler, every day. Her voice was never heard, except in reply to some question, and then it was low and had so mournful an expression, that Mr. Gordon could not bear to hear it.

"Anna," he said to his wife, one day, "I wish you would either let Alice go and see her brother, or send her away. I cannot bear to look at her. She is dying by inches. Her sad face reproves me every day."

"Nonsense!" returned Mrs. Gordon quite fiercely. "I don't see but she is doing well enough. I'll be bound she hasn't thought of her brother for a week. It's all your imagination."

"Not by any means, Anna. I can see that her face gets paler and sadder all the time. But, at best, I can't make out what harm is to come of her being allowed to see her little brother."

"I can, then. I can see that she won't be worth a copper to me, afterwards."

"I'll guarantee that she will be just as valuable again. But that out of the question; humanity calls upon us to put her heart at rest in regard to her brother."

"I don't think it does, if the act is going to make them both more unhappy than they now are; a thing that certainly will occur. I believe I am quite as tender-hearted as you are, and can feel just as much for the child as you do; but I am settled in my belief, that the very best thing for both of these children is to let them remain in ignorance of each other. The policy of the school is to sever all former relations, in order that there may be no interference. When a child is old enough to be bound out to a trade, the place to which he is sent is known only to the managers of the institution, and is never divulged."

"Then it is settled between you and Mrs. Walton, that Alice is never to see her brother again?"

"I wish, Mr. Gordon, you would not

meddle yourself in things that don't concern you, as this doesn't."

"I rather think, Anna, that it does concern me a little," quietly returned Mr. Gordon. "I feel myself to be just as much responsible in this matter as you are, and just as guilty of wrong to these children."

"You are a strange man to talk, Mr. Gordon; a very strange man!"

"And you are a strange woman to act, Anna; a very strange woman!"

This so inflamed the ire of Mrs. Gordon, that she gave her husband such a setting down as made him glad to be quiet. And so all his good intentions in regard to Alice were, for the time being, laid into quiescence.

Change we, now, the scene of our story to a southern city, and advance the time two years from the period of its opening. Three or four men were sitting in a coffee-house, frequented mostly by flat-boatmen and others of the same grade, drinking, smoking and swearing, when a wretched-looking creature, with bloated face, and clothes torn and dirty, who in every way presented a most debased and miserable appearance, entered, and going up to the bar, called for whiskey and water.

"You owe me three or four bits, now, for liquor," said the bar-keeper. "Where's your money?"

The man fumbled in his pocket for some moments, muttering to himself as he did so—

"Confound it all! I had a picayune here, that a man just gave me for holding his horse."

At this there was a laugh through the bar-room, and one of the company said, aloud—

"Hurrah for Altemas! He's had another horse to hold!"

"It won't do any good, fellow," remarked the bar-keeper. "You don't come it over me in that way, no how. You've done it once or twice too often. But you can't do it again, old chap! I've heard that horse story too often."

The man became excited at this, and said angrily—

"Shut up, will you!"

"Look here, old fellow; I don't want

any of your jaw," retorted the bar-keeper, getting angry in turn. "You're a cheating old rascal; and you'd better take yourself off in double quick time, or you may happen to get rowed up Salt River."

"Shut up, I tell you!" said Altemas, sternly.

"You're not put there to insult customers."

"If you're not out of this room in two minutes by the watch, I'll throw you out neck and heels."

"It'll take a better man than you to do that, my fine young chicken!"

"You've got but two minutes, and I advise you to make good use of your drumsticks in that time, or by ——"

"Bah!" broke in the man. "You'll have to shave with something else be-

sides the back of a razor before you can do that!" and he turned away and deliberately seated himself in a chair.

The bar-tender stood coolly looking at the clock, until the minute-hand had moved over the space comprised between three dots. Then coming round into the area in front of the bar, he advanced towards the object of his ire, who remained quietly in his chair.

"Go out of this room, sir!" he said, in a loud, authoritative voice; "or I'll throw you out, neck and heels."

"Don't put yourself in a passion, Jimmy! It isn't pleasant this warm weather."

"Are you going! Once! Twice! Three times!"



Saying this, the angry bar-tender seized upon Altemas by the collar, and with one vigorous pull, drew him half the length of

the room. Before the latter could recover himself sufficiently to offer the resistance he had meditated, he was reeling into the

street. He fell across the curbstone, with a shock that completely stunned him.

"That was a cowardly trick, Jimmy!" remarked one of the inmates of the room, showing his teeth as he spoke.

"Do you take it up?" enquired the bar-keeper, whose mind was in a fever of excitement.

"Yes I do; and I think you'll find me rather more of a match than a poor, miserable, broken-down creature like the one you made yourself so valiant upon just now."

As the man said this, he drew from beneath his coat a long heavy knife, with which one might easily kill an ox, while a murderous scowl darkened over his face. The bar-keeper instantly produced a similar instrument, that glittered as he held it forth. A serious conflict would have ensued immediately, had it not been for the entrance of a couple of police officers, who demanded to know why the man on the pavement had been thrown from the house, and who had done it?

"There, Jimmy! There's some other business for you to settle first," said one of the persons who had gathered around him and his antagonist to see the sport.

"I did it," replied the bar-keeper. I ordered him out, and he wouldn't go."

"But that didn't give you the right to throw him out in the way you did," returned one of the officers. "The man, I should think, is seriously injured. It may cost him his life. You will come with me, sir, and give bail for your appearance to answer in this matter."

A summons like this was not to be disputed, and Jimmy went off, with his courage that had so highly vaunted itself, quite down to zero.

In the meantime, Mr. Altemas lay stunned upon the pavement. On being lifted up, a severe contusion was found upon his head. Opposite to where this scene had occurred, was the shop of a tailor. The owner of it saw, from his window, the brutal manner in which the poor wretch had been thrust from the coffee-house, and was one of the first who came to his assist-

ance. He had him carried into his house and taken into a back room, where every possible attention was shown to him. It was not long before the vital current began to flow again through the body of the injured man, and with it came a free effusion of blood from the wound upon his head. A doctor was called in and the wound dressed.

"My good friend," said the tailor, mildly, after Mr. Altemas was himself again, and able to sit up firmly, although his head reeled a little when he attempted to stand—"I should think, that, by this time, you had found the words of Holy Writ true, and proved that the way of the transgressor is hard."

No reply was made to this remark.

"Have you any children?" asked the tailor, changing his mode of address.

"I have," was replied.

"In this town?" further enquired the tailor.

The man shook his head and compressed his lips in a way that indicated his wish not to be questioned on that subject; but the tailor had an end in view, and, therefore, continued his enquiries.

"How many children have you?"

"Two," was answered.

"Girls or boys?"

"One girl and one boy."

The tailor noticed that the voice of the poor, fallen, and degraded creature, slightly quivered in making this last reply.

"They are grown up, I suppose?" he continued.

"No. The girl is about thirteen, or thereabouts, and the boy not over nine years of age."

"Indeed! So young! Are they with their mother?"

Altemas shook his head.

The man who was interrogating him, saw that his questions were throwing the mind of the unhappy drunkard back upon a subject that could not be thought of without pain, and, it was evident, more or less disturbance of mind. All this he hoped would prove salutary. He was one of

those who never despaired of a drunkard. He had been one himself, and was now reformed. He had seen hundreds reformed as debased and besotted as the individual before him. He had assisted in the reform of very many, and he hoped to reform the poor wretch who had fallen into his hands.

"Is their mother living?" he next asked.

A shake of the head was the reply to this question also.

"Where are your children, my friend?"

"God knows! for I don't," he said with visible emotion.

"You left them with friends, I suppose?"

"For Heaven's sake! ask me no more questions," said Altemas, turning partly away.

"Pardon me!" mildly answered the tailor. "I naturally felt interested in you; for, there was a time when I was as much cursed by a craving appetite for liquor as you are now."

"You?" said Altemas, speaking with much apparent surprise.

"Yes, my friend. Three years ago I was as you are now. My children were scattered; my wife was almost broken-hearted, and I was a miserable, debased, unhappy wretch. But I was saved, and so may you be."

"Me? No—that is impossible! I am lost! If I could not reform years ago, when I tried hard and prayed earnestly for strength, how can I be reformed now? No—no. The sooner I am dead the better! It is no use for me to try."

"So I said, over and over again; and yet you see me a reformed, a prosperous, and a happy man to-day, just what you may be. Think of your children, and for their sakes, my friend, make one more effort; and if you make it in the way I made it, you must, you will succeed!"

"How did you make it?"

"I joined the Washingtonians, under the total abstinence pledge. And since that, the Sons of Temperance."

"Became a teetotaler!" said Altemas, with a slight, involuntary expression of contempt.

"Yes, thank God!" warmly replied the tailor. "And that is what you must become. That will save you; but nothing else will. Unless you take this pledge, you will die a drunkard's death, and fill a drunkard's grave. But you look pale, and are trembling from head to foot. We will talk no more about this now. That fall has hurt you a good deal. Come up stairs and lie down for a while, until you recover yourself. My wife will take you up a bowl of strong coffee to refresh you."

"You are very kind," said Altemas.

It was a long time since he had heard a kind or sympathizing word. Accepting the tailor's invitation, he went up stairs and lay down upon an old sofa. A bowl of coffee was brought to him which he drank eagerly. He then fell off to sleep and slept for two or three hours. When he awoke, he found the tailor in the room with him.

"You feel better, I hope?" said this disinterested friend, as Altemas rose up from his recumbent position.

"A little better, I thank you; but I am terribly dry. Have you any water?"

A pitcher of cool water was brought. Half of its contents were emptied at a draught.

"Will you have a cup of coffee and something to eat?" was now asked:

"If you please. But I am sorry to give so much trouble."

"All this is no trouble to us, but a pleasure. If we can do you good, that will doubly reward us."

Coffee and food were brought. Altemas eat, and wondered. He could not understand why such interest should be taken in a miserable outcast like himself. The act, and the manner of the act, touched him a good deal. After he had eaten and felt refreshed, the tailor drew from him, little by little, a history of his life. This brought back the drunkard's better feelings. He thought of his children, and how he had forsaken them, and left them among strangers—young, helpless, and friendless. Bitterly did his heart smite him for this

cruel act of desertion. For their sakes, the desire for reform took possession of him.

"Oh! If there was any hope! But there is none. I am too far gone," he said mournfully.

"No man was ever too far gone for that, until dead. While there is life there is hope. As sure as there is a God in heaven who pities our weakness, and helps us when we call upon him and strive, at the same time, to overcome our evils, you may reform. Are you willing to try?"

"Oh, yes."

"Will you try in the way I direct?"

"Yes. Only point me out the way, and I will seek to walk in it."

"You have never signed a pledge?"

"No."

"Nor tried total abstinence?"

"No."

"Be of good cheer, my unhappy friend! All will yet be well. In the pledge signed by your own hand, in association with those who have themselves been reformed, you will find a power all-sufficient to sustain you. To-night there is a meeting of our association of reformed men. Will you go with me, sign the pledge, and be a free and happy man?"

Altemas glanced down at his ragged and dirty garments.

"I cannot go any where among decent men in these."

"If you wish to sign the pledge, if you are really in earnest in this matter, as I trust you are, I will provide you with better clothes. I have some old garments that I have laid aside that are much better than the ones you have, and you shall be welcome to them."

This additional act of kindness touched Altemas deeply. He was really more sober than he had been for months, and could think and feel clearer and more acutely.

"Heaven knows I am in earnest," he said. "Oh, if I could but be a man again, and undo some of the wrong that I have done!"

"The way is all plain before you, my friend. Enter and walk in it steadily to the end," replied the tailor.

Altemas was supplied with water to cleanse himself; with a clean shirt; a very good pair of pantaloons; an old vest, and a coat partly worn. After washing and dressing himself, he came down stairs, looking so different from what he had done a short time before, that the tailor could not help an exclamation of surprise. Mr. Altemas enquired where the meeting was to be held, saying, at the same time, that he would certainly attend and sign the pledge.

"You must stay and take supper with me," replied the tailor to this, "and then I will go with you to the meeting. Where are you staying?"

"Alas, my good friend, I have really no home. I am an outcast. I have fallen very low."

"Then you must return and stay at my house to-night. To-morrow we will try to get you something to do, and you can then enter regularly at a good temperance boarding-house, to the keeper of which I will introduce you."

This was so unexpected to Altemas, that it quite overcame him.

When night came, he went gladly to the temperance meeting. Half a dozen experiences were related, so nearly resembling his own, that he listened in amazement, and took hope. When the invitations to



sign the pledge were given, he was among the first to subscribe his name to that in-

strument. At the close of the meeting he went back with the tailor, and remained at his house for two days, when a situation as clerk in a wholesale grocery store, kept by a Son of Temperance, was obtained for him. The salary was eight dollars a week.

Henry Altemas, now clothed and in his right mind, bethought himself at once of his children. He wrote to Mrs. Walton about them, and waited with anxiety and impatience for an answer. Six weeks, more than time to hear from New-York, elapsed, but no reply came to his letter. He wrote again, promising to send money the moment he heard from her; but the same silence was the result. The more he thought about his children, and the longer he was in suspense about them, the more anxious did he become. He next wrote to an old friend, and from him received for answer, that he had enquired at the number in Division-street which he had named, and learned that Mrs. Walton had been dead for more than a year, and that no one in the house knew any thing about his children.

It was three months from the time he received this intelligence, before the unhappy father, who had remained faithful to his pledge, could save from his small salary enough money to take him to New York, and bring him back with his children. Then, with seventy-five dollars in his pocket, he took passage in a boat for Wheeling, as a deck passenger, in order to go in the cheapest possible way, so that he might not exhaust the small sum he had with him before his return.

On arriving in New York, Mr. Altemas sought, but in-vain, to learn something of his children. Mrs. Walton was dead, and no one that he could find knew any thing about her. After remaining in New York for a week, during which time his fruitless search was continued, he advertised for information in regard to his children. On the second day after this advertisement was published, a young woman, whose appearance was that of a domestic, called upon Mr. Altemas, and informed him that she

had lived with Mrs. Walton as a chambermaid at the time his two children were there; and that Alice had been put out as a child's nurse to a Mrs. Gordon near by where Mrs. Walton lived, while Henry was sent to the Farm School. She described quite vividly the affliction of Alice when she discovered that her brother had been sent away.

"Oh, sir! It was a cruel sight," she said. "A cruel sight; and it made my heart ache. I spoke out my mind plainly enough to Mrs. Walton; I couldn't help it; and it lost me my place; but I didn't care for that."

After taking the number of the house at which Hannah, whom the reader has recognized, lived, Mr. Altemas hurried off to find Mrs. Gordon. But a family by another name lived in the house. On referring to the Directory, he found many "Gordons" named. A whole day was spent in running from one of these to the other. At last, to his oft-repeated enquiry—after seeing the lady of the house at which he called, and for whom he always asked—

"Does a little girl named Alice live with you?" he received for answer—

"A child by that name did live with me nearly two years ago; but she went off one day, and I have never heard of her since."

"Had she a little brother in the Farm School?" enquired Mr. Altemas.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know any thing of him?"

"No, sir; nothing at all."

"And you have heard nothing of Alice since she left?"

"No, sir."

"Have you no idea where she has gone?"

"None in the least, sir."

Mr. Altemas turned away, dreadfully disappointed. Without a moment's further delay, he started for the Long Island Farms. On arriving there, he asked if they had a boy in the institution named Henry Altemas; but was answered in the negative.

"You must have, surely!" he said, showing a good deal of agitation.

"No sir, I believe not," was replied.

"But the boy I speak of certainly did come here."

"When?"

"About two years ago."

"In what month?"

Mr. Altemas thought for a moment, and then named the month, as near as he could.

The records of the institution were examined.

"Yes sir, a lad by that name, was sent here at the time you mention. But I find it recorded, that he escaped from the school and was never brought back."

"Strange!" said the father. "Is that all the intelligence you can give me about him?"

"Every word, sir."

"Was no search made for him?"

"Every possible effort, I presume, was made to recover him. Such is always the case. But it seems that it was of no avail."

Heart-sick and distressed was the unhappy father, as he turned away, and went back to the city, almost hopeless of finding his children. What they had suffered since he left them to the tender mercies of strangers, he knew not. But that they had suffered severely, and might, if alive, be still suffering, he felt, must, too surely, be the case. What to do, or which way to turn himself, he knew not. Advertisements were renewed, and papers out of the city requested to copy them as an act of humanity. Weeks passed, but no intelligence of the lost ones came.

The reader will remember the interview between Mr. Gordon and his wife about Alice, and how, for the time-being, the good intentions of the former were overruled by the imperious spirit of the latter. Several weeks elapsed, during which time there were few days in which Mr. Gordon did not think of the suffering child that was an inmate of his house, with feelings of pain. One morning he sat in the breakfast room, reading the newspaper, when Alice came in with the baby which she had just received from its mother, and sat down near him with the infant in her arms. Mr. Gordon

glanced over the edge of his paper, and let his eyes rest upon her face. Its look of pain and sadness touched his feelings as it had often done before. From his very heart he pitied her. While looking at her, he noticed that her breast heaved with a slight convulsive emotion, and then a faint sigh stole upon his ear.

"I can stand this no longer," he said to himself, as he drew the newspaper before his eyes, and mused for some moments.

"Alice," he at length said, letting the newspaper fall in his lap.

The child looked up at him quickly.

"Alice, has no one yet told you where your brother is?"

"No sir," she replied, in a low voice, but with an eager expression of countenance.

"Then I will tell you; but I do not wish you to say to any one that I did so. Your brother is at the Farms School."

"Where?"

"At the Farms School on Long Island."

"What is that?"

In a few words Mr. Gordon explained to Alice the nature of the institution, which was for the reception and education of destitute young children. He also told her that it was located about five miles above Williamsburg, on the East River.

"Can't I go and see Henry?" enquired Alice, trembling with the eager desire with which she was instantly seized.

"I believe Mrs. Gordon thinks your brother will be much happier if he does not see you. If you should go where he is, he would want to come away with you, and you know that could not be. He is well treated, and I am sure must be quite contented by this time."

"Oh no, sir! He can't be contented without seeing me. Won't you take me to see him? Oh! if he should get sick and die!"

The voice of Alice faltered, and her eyes filled with tears. Mr. Gordon felt deeply for the poor child.

"You must be patient for a little while longer, Alice?" he said, kindly. "I have

told you where he is, and now your heart can be at rest on that subject. It will not be long, I hope, before Mrs. Gordon will think it right to let you go and see your brother. But, until that time, you must try to be as patient as you can."

The entrance of Mrs. Gordon closed this interview with a grateful look from the tearful eyes of Alice. All day long the little girl mused upon what Mr. Gordon had told her: and during most of the night that followed she lay awake thinking about her brother. So intense became her desire to see him, that on the next day, while the family were at dinner, she quietly left the house, and ran as fast as her feet would carry her to the Williamsburg ferry.—When her father went away he gave her a few coins, which she put in a little purse, her mother's present; this money she had never spent. It was now of use to her, for she could pay her fare across the river. On arriving at Williamsburg, Alice asked a man on the dock to tell her the way to the Long Island Farms. He said they were a long distance up the river—some four or five miles. The man spoke short and roughly, and the child shrunk away from him. She felt afraid to ask any one else. Making her way out of Williamsburg as quickly as she possibly could, Alice took the river shore, and commenced her long and weary journey, with the hot sun blazing down upon her. She had not gone far before she felt frightened at being thus alone, away from houses and people. But the thought of her brother restored her courage, and she pressed on with eager footsteps. It was two hours before she reached the Farms. When she applied for admission, she was told that she could not come in, unless she had an order from the office of the Alms-House Commissioner in New-York. This, to the poor child, whose heart was yearning to see her brother, was more than she could bear. She covered her face with her hands, and leaning against the gate, sobbed and wept bitterly. The person to whom she had applied, was touched at this exhibition of her sorrow.

"What do you want to come in for, my little girl?" he asked in a kind voice.

"I want to see my brother Henry," she replied, looking up with tearful eyes.

"What is his name besides Henry?"

"Henry Altemas."

"Has he been long here?"

"Oh no, sir! They carried him off when I was away, and nobody would tell me where he was. I didn't know until yesterday; and I've walked all the way out to see him. If I go back, they won't let me come again, I know. Oh, sir! do let me see my little brother Henry! It won't make him unhappy, I know it won't."

The man was touched still further by the deep tenderness expressed in the child's face, and the earnest, pleading pathos of her voice. He told her to wait a little while and he would go and see the Superintendent. On consulting with this individual, he said the little girl couldn't come in without a permit. He went, however, to see her at the gate. Her manner quickly overcame his objections, and he yielded to his feelings and broke the rule by admitting her. Taking her by the hand, he led her into a room where were about twenty small children. They all looked up with countenances of interest, but one of them gave a cry of joy, and starting forward, was almost instantly in the arms of Alice, clinging around her neck, and almost devouring her with kisses, while tears gushed from his eyes. Alice was so overcome, that she tottered back, and sunk upon a bench, still holding on to her brother, and laying her face down and pressing it upon his wet cheeks. The Superintendent turned away to conceal his emotion. His kind feelings prompted him to remove the two children into a room by themselves, where they were left for awhile alone.

About an hour after Alice came, he went into the room where he had left her, and found Henry lying asleep in her arms. The child aroused up on his entrance, and Alice drew her arms more closely around him.

"Well, Alice," he said—"I believe you

told me that was your name—isn't it time for you to go back to the city?"

Henry began to cry at this; and Alice lifted her large blue eyes to the face of the Superintendent, with a look of pleading distress.

"You can't stay here, you know, Alice," he said. "We let you in, even against the rule, to see your brother, and you must go back now, or we can never let you come in again."

"Oh, don't go 'way Alice! Don't go 'way!" cried Henry, shrinking closer to his sister. "Stay here with me." And the child trembled with the fear of being again separated from her.

The Superintendent found himself in a dilemma. It grieved him to do violence to the feelings of the children, but his duty was plain in the case. It was out of the question for Alice to remain there. Sitting down beside them, he asked the oldest of the two many questions, and learned from her the cruel manner in which her brother had been separated from her, and her ignorance of where he was until the day previous. After half an hour's reflection, he told her she might stay until the morning, if she would promise then to leave her brother and return to the city without opposition. She promised, but the Superintendent saw that it was not from the heart, and that he should find it hard, even in the morning, to separate the children.

That night Alice slept again in the same room with Henry, or, rather lay awake through most of the night thinking about their separation in the morning. The thought of it was dreadful to her. She fell asleep late, and awoke some hours afterwards, aroused from her slumber by a dream that her brother had been taken from her! She went quickly to his bed, and passed her hand over it. He was there.—Back to her own couch she stole, and lay now wide awake, thinking about the morning. Suddenly the thought of trying to get Henry away came into her mind, and caused her heart to flutter. She arose and went to the window. The moon was shining. She could see the way she

came, and the wish that she were beyond the fence of the institution, with her little brother, even in the night, took possession of her. After looking forth, and thinking about this for many minutes, she went up to Henry's bed, and shook him several times. This awakened him. After he clearly understood where he was, and that his sister was with him, Alice asked him if he would not get up and go away with her. He unhesitatingly replied that he would.

"Can you find your way down stairs?"

"Yes," he replied.

"After you are in the yard, can you get out?"

Henry said that he could. There was no more doubt nor hesitation on the part of Alice. She dressed herself silently and quickly, and then assisted Henry on with his clothes. When they were ready, they went down in their bare feet, and opened the door, and succeeded in making their escape from the premises without alarming



any one. Swiftly as their flying feet would carry them, did the little fugitives hurry to the river side, and take their way towards New York along its winding shore. The hope of escape extinguished all their natural timidity. They felt not that it was night, gloomy night; they only felt eager to get far away from all successful pursuit. It was day-light when they reached Williamsburg. Milk wagons and market wagons were crowding upon the ferry-

boat, that was just about leaving the wharf. The children passed on board, not, however, without a remark from the ferryman that it was rather early for such little folks as them to be abroad. Alice was frightened; but the man made no attempt to detain them.

As soon as they landed in New York, Alice struck directly across the city with her brother, for one of the ferries. The unusual circumstances in which she was placed, made her thoughtful and sagacious beyond her years. It occurred to her that search would be less likely to be made for them in the direction she was taking than it would be in any other, and this was the reason why she started direct for New Jersey. In crossing the city, she reached, first, the Jersey city ferry. Without a moment's hesitation, she stepped on board of the boat with Henry. Her heart did not beat easy until after the boat had moved out from the slip, and was rapidly leaving the city. Then she sat down, with Henry by her side, and, for the first time, the question as to where they were to go, and what they were to do? arose in her mind. She had about a dollar and a half in her purse. This she knew would buy them food for the day, and might procure them lodgings for the night; but she did not know how that would be. She dreaded, lest when night came, and they asked for lodgings, they would be taken and sent back to New York. These thoughts troubled Alice, as the boat bore them rapidly away from the city.

It was ten o'clock when they reached Newark. Alice bought a few cakes for Henry at a shop, and then they made their way into the country by the first avenue that opened before them. Alice eat nothing. She had no desire for food. They walked at a quick pace, along an unsheltered road, with the sun shining hot upon their heads. By noon, Henry was tired and thirsty, and complained that his feet hurt him. Alice tried to urge him on, but the little fellow was worn out with fatigue, and oppressed with the heat. A

short distance from the road was a small cluster of trees; towards these they directed their steps. The grass was high and soft beneath them, and a cool stream of water murmured near at hand. Alice bathed her own and her brother's feet in this stream, and then sat down in the pleasant shade, with Henry's head in her lap. In ten minutes both were sound asleep.

How long they slept Alice did not know, but when she awoke, the sun had sunk much lower in the sky, and the shadows that lay close around the trees had stretched far away from them. Henry still slumbered heavily, and it took her some time to arouse him. After she had bathed her own and her brother's face in the cool stream that sparkled close by, they both felt greatly refreshed and again proceeded on their way. But whither they were going they knew not. They were abroad in the wide world without a home, and in fleeing from certain evils, willing to encounter whatever might be before them as easier to be endured than separation.

Many weary miles were trodden by their young feet, and many farm houses and dwellings by the road-side passed, before the sun touched the red horizon in the west. They had not tasted food since they left Newark, and feared to ask for it at any of the houses lest questions should be put to them that it would be difficult for them to answer.

A pleasant house stood near the road-side; and children were playing around the door. Through the windows, as they passed wearily along, Alice saw the mother busily preparing the evening meal, while the father sat looking out upon his happy little ones, whose voices were ringing in music upon the air. The sun had left the sky, and the quiet of eventide was falling upon the bosom of nature. A loneliness such as she had not before experienced, and a feeling of helplessness fell upon the heart of Alice. She paused involuntarily and looked wishfully at the group of children, but recollecting herself, she moved

on again, and entering a deep valley densely shaded by trees, soon lost sight of this attractive spot. Loneliness now changed to sadness. The thick wood made night seem even more rapidly approaching than it really was. Henry shrunk closer to her side and asked, anxiously,

"Where are we going, Alice? Where will we sleep to-night?"

"We will ask them to let us sleep at the next house," Alice replied.

"Wouldn't they let us sleep there?" meaning the dwelling they had just past.

"I don't know, but they will at the next house we come to, I am sure. Let us walk faster; it is getting dark."

The children quickened their pace in order to get through the gloomy woods; but the further they advanced, the darker and gloomier it became, and no opening appeared ahead.

"O sister! it is so dark!" said Henry, drawing still closer to Alice.

"It will be light soon. We shall be through the woods in a little while," Alice replied in an encouraging voice, while her own heart was sinking.

But the darkness continued to gather gloomily around them, and the woods to become denser and denser.

"Let us go back," Alice said, stopping suddenly. "Perhaps they will let us stay all night where we saw the children."

"Oh yes! let us go back," quickly answered Henry. "I'm afraid here."

As hastily as they had been moving forward did the children now retrace their steps, but night had fallen upon them—the moon had not yet risen, and they were nearly an hour's walk from the habitation they sought. They had retraced not over half the distance, when Henry, overcome by weariness and fear, began to cry. Alice tried in vain to soothe him; but was unable. He stopped, and burying his face in the folds of her dress, refused to go any farther. Persuasion, entreaty, and every inducement Alice could hold out, were in vain. The child seemed to have lost all thought in fatigue and alarm.

Alice had stood for nearly five minutes endeavoring to pacify Henry and get him to walk on, when the sound of horses feet and the rumbling of wagon wheels reached her ears above the mournful crying of her brother.

"For mercy's sake! what are you doing here? and who are you?" she heard a moment after, uttered by a woman's voice, as the wagon stopped close to where she was standing.

Never had a more welcome sound reached the ears of the frightened children. Henry's cries instantly ceased.

"We want some place to sleep to-night," said Alice. "Won't you give us some place to sleep until morning?"



"Bless us!—Children!—Who are you? Are you lost?"

Alice murmured "Yes," in a low voice.

"Where do you live?" said the woman, who was alone, in a small light wagon.

"We've got no home," replied Alice in a sad voice.

"No home! Bless me! Lost here at night, in this lonesome place! Come up, quick, into my wagon. I'll try and find you a place to sleep. Strange!"

The children needed no second invitation. Alice lifted up her brother, and then got in herself.

"What is your name, child?" asked the

woman, kindly, as she pulled the rein and her horse started on again at a light trot.

"Alice."

"Alice what?"

"Alice Altemas."

"Where do you live?"

"Father went away and left my brother and me in New-York a good while ago, and has not come back since. We don't know where he is."

"Where is your mother?"

"She is dead."

"Is there nobody to take care of you?"

"No ma'am."

"Why did you leave New-York?"

These rapid questions embarrassed Alice. She did not wish to evade the truth, and she feared to answer directly lest she should be sent back to New-York, and her brother to the Farms School. To the woman's last interrogation she was, therefore, silent; and also, to two or three others that followed, which she felt she dare not answer by telling the truth.

After riding along the main road for about half a mile, the woman turned her horse down a lane, which, in about ten minutes brought them to a small house. Here she drew the rein and the wagon stopped. Henry was, by this time, fast asleep. The woman got down, and lifted out the sleeping child tenderly, saying as she did so—

"Poor little fellow! He's forgot all his troubles." Alice followed quickly, and then they entered the house, the door of which was opened by a stout girl.

"Tell John to put the horse away and then do you bring in supper," the woman said to the girl as she passed her. Henry was taken into a room adjoining the one into which they had entered, and laid on a bed. He still slept soundly.

The lighted candles which were upon the supper table gave both Alice and the woman an opportunity to observe each other, and their eyes met in an earnest look as the latter returned from the next room. There was something in the woman's face that instantly gave confidence to the heart of Alice, and there was something in the face of

Alice that warmed the woman's feelings towards her.

Mrs. Belding, who had come across the children so opportunely, was a kind-hearted widow, who lived on a small place, which she owned, about twelve miles from New-ark. She had been the mother of three children, all now dead. One of them, a girl, died when about the age of Alice, and a little boy had been taken from her when just as old as Henry. The other died when a babe. The moment she saw the face of Alice, she was reminded of her lost daughter. Their eyes, complexion, and cast of features were the same.

"If these children have, indeed, no home and no mother," she said in her heart, "this shall be their home, and I will be their mother."

"Come dear," she said kindly to Alice, about five minutes after they had come in, and after the tea had been placed upon the table. "Come, sit up, and get some supper."

"We won't wake your brother, for I expect sleep is better to him than food."

This was spoke so encouragingly, and with something so warm in her voice, that Alice, who had felt but little inclination for food, experienced an almost instant return of appetite. She drew her chair to the table, and partook of a hearty meal. Mrs. Belding forbore asking her any more questions. Soon after tea she showed her into a room where Henry was lying upon a bed, and told her that she could sleep there for the night.

On the next morning, Alice, who felt an instinctive confidence in Mrs. Belding, related to her, freely, everything that had occurred since the death of her mother. The excellent woman to whom this artless relation was made, could not refrain from tears.

"My dear child," she said, with much tenderness, when she had concluded, "I know that all you have told me is true. Do not be afraid; I will not take you back to New-York; Henry shall not be separated from you; this shall be your home; I will be your mother."

Alice looked into Mrs. Belding's face with

a wondering countenance, and Henry left his sister's side and went and leaned against her.

"Do you think you would like to live here?" the excellent woman asked, as she took the little boy's hand in hers.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," he replied.

"If I am good to you, will you mind all I say to you?"

"Yes ma'am, I will always mind you."

"I am sure you will," and she laid her hand gently upon his head.

Alice was overcome and wept freely.

"And you will be like my own daughter to me, I know," said Mrs. Belding, looking into the face of Alice.

"Oh ma'am! I will do every thing for you," replied Alice, the tears still streaming down her face.

And the child not only meant what she said, but she strove in every way to redeem her promise. Her little hands were busied from morning until night in trying to do what would be useful to Mrs. Belding, who grew more and more attached to her every day, and, in a short time, loved her almost as tenderly as she had loved her own child.

In this pleasant home, with nothing to trouble her mind but the thought of her father, Alice lived for two years with her brother. Mrs. Belding treated them as if they were her own children. No search that was made for them, ever extended into her neighborhood, and no one ever intruded upon them in their happy retreat, for none cared for them.

One day, Mrs. Belding came home from Newark, looking quite sober. She retired into her room, and fastening the door, sat down, and drawing a paper from her pocket, read over slowly an advertisement it contained, which was the cause of her disturbed state of mind. The advertisement ran thus:—

"Between two and three years ago, the subscriber went South, and left his two children, Alice about eleven, and Henry seven years of age, in the care of a woman named Mrs. Walton, who kept a boarding house at No. — Division street. Circumstances, not necessary to relate, prevented him from

returning to New-York until the present time. During the whole period of his absence, he did not once hear from his children. Now, he finds, that within a short time after he left the city, his little boy was sent to the Farm School on Long Island, and his daughter put out to service, and that his daughter went away from her place and succeeded in getting her brother from the Farm School without the knowledge of the Superintendent. Since that time all trace of them has been lost. Any information in regard to them will be most thankfully received at the ——— Hotel, by

"HENRY ALTEMAS."

After reading this over, Mrs. Belding sat and mused for a long time. Then she seemed to have come to a fixed conclusion, for she rose up, saying in a firm voice, as she did so.

"They are his children, and I have no right to keep them. They must be restored to their father. I have had my reward for all I have done. But it will be hard to give them up."

The money of Mr. Altemas being nearly exhausted, and more than double the time for which he had obtained leave of absence from his employer having expired, while all search for and effort to obtain his children had proved fruitless, he found himself compelled to return back to the South. He had tried to get employment in New York, in order to remain there, and continue the search for Alice and Henry, but was unsuccessful in this. There was nothing left for him but to go back, earn some more money, and then come on and make new efforts to discover his children.

He had packed his trunk, and was waiting gloomily, for the hour to arrive at which the cars were to start for the South, his mind filled with self-upbraidings and bitterness for the consequences that had followed his career of folly, when there was a knock at his room door. Supposing that it was the porter for his baggage, he called out for him to "come in." The door opened, but he did not turn to look at the man, merely remarking in a low voice—

"There it is, William. I will be down to the boat in a little while."



"Father!" said a low tremulous voice.

Altemas sprung to his feet with a sudden bound. An instant, and his two children were in his arms, while his heart was almost bursting with tumultuous joy.

In a few, plain words, we will give the rest. Mrs. Belding, a true-hearted woman as ever breathed, much as she loved the children, and pleasant as they had made her home, could not withhold them from their father. It cost her a severe struggle, but she did her duty, and immediately restored them. Mr. Altemas deferred returning to the South for a week, and, at the solicitation of Mrs. Belding, paid her a short visit with Alice and Henry. As he was leaving the cars at Newark, an old friend touched him on the shoulder, and ten min-

utes conversation followed, during which Altemas briefly related what the reader knows of his reform, and the recovery of his children. The old friend, an active Son of Temperance, was engaged in manufacturing in Newark, and it so happened, had just lost his clerk. He offered Altemas the place at seven hundred dollars a year. It was gladly accepted.

A few years have passed. Altemas holds the situation still, and his children remain with the excellent Mrs. Belding—now Mrs. Altemas—where they are very happy, to see their father three or four times a week, as he returns *home* from the labors of the day, to find, in the smiles of an affectionate wife and the caresses of grateful children, the ample recompense of a life of industry and sobriety.

THE FATAL PLEDGE.

"Join us in the pledge, Colonel—surely you will not refuse *me*," said a beautiful bride emerging from a bevy of bridesmaids, and extending a glass of brimming champagne as she spoke.

The gentleman whom she addressed, had studiously refrained during the evening, from drinking of the costly wines prepared for the guests. But finding himself thus the object of general attention—for when the bride spoke every eye was upon him—he colored, stammered a few indistinct words, took the glass, and, bowing gracefully, drank long life and happiness to the bride.

"I told you I should succeed," said the young and happy creature, her eyes sparkling with triumph, as she retired into her circle of bridesmaids. "I knew Col. Warren would not refuse *me*. What a pity he has got such puritanical notions in his head. He used to be the foremost with a happy allusion or eloquent sentiment when the wine circulated."

No one was there to contradict this joyous, but thoughtless creature, or to tell her that Colonel Warren's indulgence in wine had nearly proved his ruin. He had been absent from his native city for some years, during which period he had formed a resolution not to drink, in consequence of a conviction of his own weakness. On his return his old associates in vain persuaded him to alter his determination. On various festive occasions they had endeavored to induce him to join them in pledging each other, but his answer had always been the same. This was the first time since his return, that wine had been introduced into the presence of ladies. It was resolved to try whether the influence of the sex would not break a resolution which more than one felt to be a reproach on himself. How the scheme succeeded we have seen.

No pen can adequately describe the emotions of Colonel Warren during the instant he hesitated, before taking the proffered glass from the bride. He was chivalrous to a fault in his demeanor to the sex, and had never been known to refuse a request of this kind. The bride was the daughter of his early friend, a cherished treasure, whom he had many a time dandled on his knee, and whom he had never done anything to slight or pain. He stood, as we have seen, irresolute for a moment, hesitating between fears for the result, and a dislike to disoblige his favorite on this her wedding night. But at length he had fatally yielded.

Little did the young bride think of the dreadful issue of her tempting words and smile. Little did she dream that the hankering love for wine, which had once reduced her victim to the verge of confirmed inebriacy, awoke again at the taste of that glass, and raged with more violence than ever. Young, happy and thoughtless, she looked only at the present triumph, without considering the result. How then was she surprised to hear a few months after her marriage, that Colonel Warren was becoming an inebriate—that he rarely retired to bed unless in a state of intoxication—and that, in consequence, his fine person was becoming disfigured, and his large fortune wasting away. She shuddered, but still did not think of her own agency in the matter, and when she next met him, with the privilege of youth and beauty, she ventured to plead with him on the subject.

"Madam," said he in reply, and the melancholy and somewhat stern tone in which he spoke, never left her memory, "it is *too late*! I was once as I am now—I rallied and took a resolution never to drink again—I broke that resolution, you know how, and when, and now I am a hopeless inebriate."

He turned and left her presence. Her eyes were opened. Oh! how bitterly did she reproach herself for having spoken those fatal words. For nights she could not speak. She sought again and again to see her victim, but he avoided her presence. They never met again but once. Reader, would you know how?

Some years after, on a cold, bleak morning in January, a travelling sleigh, drawn by two splendid horses, was dashing along the turnpike between Norristown and Philadelphia. There had been a snow-storm during the night, and the flakes lay piled against the fences and banks where they had been driven by the icy wind which swept down from the hills beyond the Schuylkill. The sky was still overcast; the wind yet raged violently, and it was intensely cold. Few scenes could be more desolate. Houses, barns, trees, and hay-ricks were covered with snow, and the cattle, cowering in the sheds, seemed everywhere to beseech the sky in vain. As the sleigh, with its merry bells, whirled down the long hill that leads to the Manayunk turnpike, the horses suddenly shied, nearly precipitating the vehicle into an opposite snow bank. A lady slightly screamed, and looked out in alarm from the furs which enveloped her; but seeing no cause for danger, she was about to order the driver to proceed, when her little boy, pointing

to the object which had startled the horses, said—

“Mother, what can that be in the road? Surely it is a man’s hat!”

The lady turned. In the centre of the highway was a drifted snow pile, a little longer than a human body. One end of the pile had been blown away, disclosing as the boy said, a man’s hat.

“Gracious heavens!” she exclaimed, “can it be that some poor wretch has frozen to death here. James,” and she turned to the footman, “go and see.”

With intense interest the lady watched while the servant brushed away the snow. In a few seconds, it was apparent that a corpse was indeed there, and it was not long before the cause of the man’s death was evident in an empty jug beside him. The spectators breathlessly awaited while the icy flakes were being removed from the face, for the lady was within a short distance of her home, and thought that perhaps she might recognise the being. She stepped out of the sleigh, and approached the corpse.

“Colonel Warren!” she said, becoming hastily pale and staggering: “Colonel Warren dying thus, a common drunkard! Oh! just heaven, this is too much.”

And thus the victim and his destroyer met for the last time. It was the once thoughtless bride who now stood above the corpse.

TEMPERANCE ANECDOTES.

Eating the Fruit.

THE following anecdote is beautifully illustrative of the beneficial influences of the temperance cause, in restoring confidence and augmenting domestic happiness.

A blacksmith in one of our villages, had in his possession, but under mortgage, a house and piece of land. Like many others, he was fond of the social glass.

But he joined the temperance society and about three months after, he observed one morning his wife busily employed in planting rose bushes and fruit trees.

“My dear,” said he, “I have owned this lot for five years, and yet I have never known you before to manifest any desire to improve and ornament it in this manner.”

“Indeed,” replied the smiling wife, “I

had no heart to do it until you joined the temperance society—I had often thought of it before, but I was persuaded that should I do it, some stranger would pluck the roses and eat the fruit. Now, I know that with the blessing of Providence, this lot will be ours; and that we and our children shall enjoy its products. *We shall pluck the roses and eat the fruit.*"

Great Men, How Fallen!

One day some weeks ago there were taken to the Tombs in New York, while in a state of beastly drunkenness, a lawyer, who had been somewhat distinguished in his profession—a historian, the author of a standard work—an editor once talented and of great respectability—and lastly a *clergyman*, a man of refined manners and highly educated. The lawyer was let off the next morning on promise of better behavior; the historian succeeded in getting his liberty to get drunk again the morning following; the editor was sent to the Alms House, and the clergyman, at the date of our information, still remained in durance. What an example this of the leveling down power of strong drink! Truly "it spares not the high nor the humble."

I Have a Good Home Now.

An industrious female, upon being asked how things were going on at their house, said, "I have a good home now. No drinking, no swearing, no fighting; but peace and comfort since my father took the pledge." We would rejoice to hear every female honestly acknowledge the home-reforming advantages of true temperance. The whole family, eight in number, are teetotalers.

Who Would?

Who would entrust an important law suit in the hands of a drinking Attorney?

Who would employ a drunken Clerk to transact his business?

Who would vote to place a Drunkard in an important office of trust?

Who would trust his life in the hands of a drunken Physician?

Who would employ a Drunkard in *any* capacity.

Not even the Drunkard himself.

The Young Man's Course.

I saw him first at a social party. He took but a single glass of wine, and that in compliance with the request of a fair young lady with whom he conversed.

I saw him next, when he supposed he was unseen, taking a glass to satisfy the slight desire formed by his sordid indulgence. He thought there was no danger.

I saw him again with those of his own age, meeting at night to spend a short time in convivial pleasure. He said it was only innocent amusement.

I met him next late in the evening, in the street, unable to reach home. I assisted him thither. He looked ashamed when we next met.

I saw him next, reeling in the street; a confused stare was on his countenance, and words of blasphemy on his tongue. Shame was gone.

I saw him yet once more—he was pale, cold and motionless, and was carried by his friends to his last resting place. In the small procession that followed, every head was cast down, and seemed to shake with uncommon anguish. His father's gray hairs were going to the grave with sorrow. His mother wept to think she had ever given being to such a child.

I thought of his future state. I opened the Bible, and read—"Drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of Heaven?"

A Truth Mated.

"If you had avoided rum," said a wealthy though not intelligent grocer to his intemperate neighbor, "your early habits of industry and intellectual abilities would have placed you in any station, and you would now ride in your own carriage." "And if you had never sold rum for me to buy," replied the bacchanal, "you would have been my driver."

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